

# Good Morning

132

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



## Did you know there were HALF CROWN Notes

asks PETER DAVIS

NOTES with a face value of 2s. 6d. and 5s. have been printed and stored, in case of a silver emergency, at the Royal Mint.

Similar notes were prepared in the last war. They were never used, but the printing was a common-sense precaution.

Hitler has been trying to discredit British currency abroad by flooding neutral countries with forged pound notes.

Have you lifted your Treasury notes to the light and seen the strip with which the currency experts have countered the Nazis? It is made of a substance unobtainable in Germany or anywhere inside the British blockade line. Only two firms in Britain make banknotes. One, in Hampshire, has been turning out "fivers" for the past 200 years.

Every note is made separately by hand from pure linen rags and the water of that famous trout stream, the Test.

Men's shirts, old sheets, and table cloths go into the "porridge" substance of fivers. It sounds easy enough to copy. A handshake of the man beside the vat, however, imprints the watermark. It is a trick that cannot be repeated.

One bank-note firm manufactures playing-cards as a sideline. So they make both the cards and the money you can lose at cards.

British firms make currency for the world. An issue of 4,000,000 notes for a small State seldom costs more than £10,000.

Not long ago a currency firm was kept going for two years by an order for 80,000,000 notes. The same firm recently booked 70,000,000 notes for China.

So high stands the integrity of these British firms that the same banks order again and again.

It takes time, of course, when every blank sheet of paper is counted into the printing works, when every note must be perfect, and a dozen counts may be taken throughout the various printing processes.

One steel engraver, working on a note for a South American country, took four months to complete the principal figure. Then he chanced to sneeze—and had to begin all over again!

## Here's a tea party in full swing for E.R.A. Francis Hutchings, D.S.M.

"FRANCIS, we're all so proud of you," was the keynote of the tea-time conversation at 4 Packington Street, Stoke, Devonport, when MRS. EILEEN HUTCHINGS received the news that her submariner husband, E.R.A. FRANCIS KENNETH HUTCHINGS, had been awarded the D.S.M.

As Eileen cut the bread and mother poured tea, Hilda, your family friend of long standing, who was at your "last-minute" wedding, chatted away, adding to the air of animated excitement that accompanied that meal.

Eileen, looking pretty and fit, had just returned home from work, mother had tea laid, and Hilda had dropped in for a cup of tea, so she said, but really it was more to share in the excited conversation about you, Francis. Eileen said, "I've had eight letters from Francis in ten days. Tell him to keep up the good work; my three or four letters to him each week should supply him with good reading, too. Tell him I've collected his precious golf clubs from Scotland, and I've improved my game, so he'd better be on form when he returns, or I'll give him a run for his money."

Eileen has been on a visit to your parents' home in Church Street, Falmouth, Francis; Mum and "Pop" are very fit, and, in their boundless energy, have again "spring-cleaned" the house.

The interesting piece about Francis's wedding is that as soon as he returned from the

MOST boys at one time or another have half-a-dozen pigeons in a whitewashed orange-and-soap-box shed in the back garden. There can be but few boys who have never raced home from school to see if the first egg had arrived, or to make a start on the new nest-boxes that were made possible by the kindness of the grocer in parting with a tea chest.

How few of these small-time bird-fanciers realise just how great is the game at which they dabble!

How few of the general public realise to what extent the sport of wings has been exploited and commercialised!

Pigeon-racing has been described as Britain's "secret sport," for although fanciers are every bit as keen on their sport as the most ardent soccer and ice hockey fans are on theirs, the average man knows next to nothing of the vast organisation or sums of money that are involved.

Fifty-two years ago a porter at a tiny wayside station liberated two homing pigeons from a basket, and before returning the basket by the next train, placed in it a piece of paper on which he had written the time at which he had let the birds go.

Neither he nor the owner of the birds could have foreseen that within a comparatively short space of time

railways would be running "pigeon specials," consisting of vans constructed solely for the carriage of pigeons, and that as many as 20,000 birds would be transported at one time.

Since that time the sport has steadily progressed, and to-day it is one of the best-organised societies in the sporting world.

The war, quite naturally, has curtailed the activities of civilian fanciers (half a million racing pigeons, the property of fifty thousand British fanciers, joined the war within a few days of the outbreak of hostilities), but in 1939 there were over ten million racing pigeons in the British Isles. Prominent among owners were the King, Gordon Richards, peers and publicans, ministers and miners, wealthy and workless.

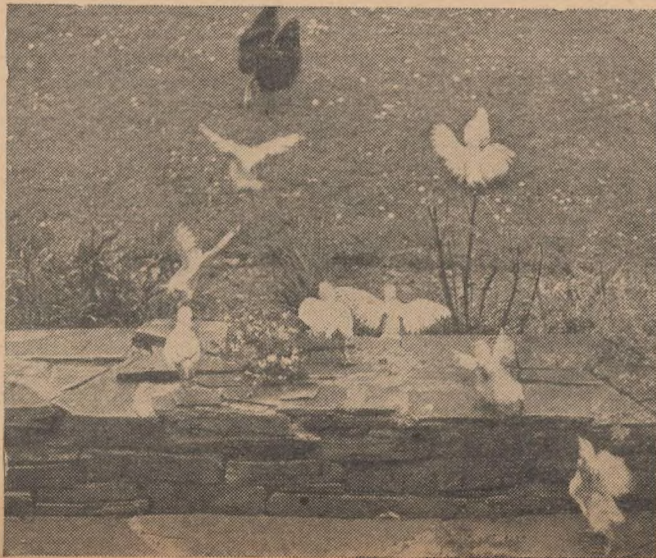
It's a democratic game, this pigeon-racing. The great point about the sport is that the poor man, who can afford

Mediterranean he sent Eileen a telegram fixing the wedding for the next day, as his unexpected return only carried with it a short leave. Eileen dropped everything and grabbed the vicar, a friend of the family, and together they caused so much pressure on the authorities that the special licence was issued from Exeter, 45 miles away, rushed to Plymouth, and was in the vicar's hands in time for him to perform the ceremony the next day.

Eileen is a shorthand-typist-bookkeeper in Devonport Dockyard; works hard, but, thanks to mother, is well cared for at home, and that's where she's waiting patiently for you to return, Francis.

Asked about some little gift she might want you to bring home, she said she's had such a lot of lovely things from you, she hadn't the nerve to ask for anything more. "Just bring yourself back," tell him," she said; "that'll be all I want."

## The (practically) AIR-BORNE DIVISION



The invasion's on! The outer-defences have been hedge-hopped already, and led by one "heavy," the great majority of the force have reached its first objective.

Our Military Correspondent writes: "This proves the immense superiority of the air-arm over static defences, or else the opposite."



Pigeons are now on war-work—trained to fly through blitz and black-out, so no wonder they are proud of themselves!

## Did you ever go in for "THE SPORT OF WINGS?"

asks RONALD RICHARDS



perhaps only a couple of pigeons, is very little worse off than the fellow who has, maybe, sixty or seventy in his loft.

A Somerset miner, who, to begin with, could afford only one bird, won, over a period of five years, nearly eight hundred pounds in prize-money with that one bird.

Therein lies the game's biggest draw.

Seven millions of money are behind this sport, and prizes totalling five hundred thousand pounds are paid out annually.

Competing with five-shilling "squeakers" frequently are birds as valuable as race-horses.

Lancashire and Yorkshire are the strongholds of the sport, with memberships of 30,000 each. London and the South come next with a membership of 12,000, followed by Newcastle and South Wales with 10,000 each. These figures only include owners who enter for races up to 800 miles.

The principal events of the season were the Scottish National race from Rennes, in France (500 miles); the Irish National, from Les Sables d'Ollone, France (600 miles); and the Lerwick, Shetland Isles, race (600 miles).

What of speed and endurance? The highest recorded speed to hand is 2,800 yards in one minute. With a following wind, 400 birds covered a distance of 640 miles within 24 hours. A 700-mile course from Barcelona to Southern England was covered in a similar time.

In 1913 a pigeon flew 1,000 miles from Rome to Derby in four weeks. There is also an instance of a bird returning from a spot 1,500 miles away.

It is often asked how the winner of a race is decided.

Before being sent to the race each bird is ringed by the marking committee with a rubber race ring and is then placed in the race baskets, which are sealed. Upon its arrival at its home this rubber ring is removed from its leg and placed in a special recording clock which shows the hour, minute and second of its arrival.

The distance from the race point to each individual loft is known, so that it is possible to calculate the average speed in yards a minute at which the bird has flown, and the bird making the highest speed, or velocity, as it is called, is the winner of the race.

Weather obviously plays a major part in pigeon-racing. In 1937, bad weather cost British fanciers £50,000. From the Pigeon Derby alone, several hundred birds, worth up to £50 apiece, were lost.

In 1934, nearly 7,000 birds failed to return from Ulster.

Another menace to pigeons is said to be the falcon; in 1934, 1,137 metal identification rings were collected and presented to the Home Office as proof of the menace of the falcon preying on tame birds. At Portland it was found that hawks waited for the

stragglers from cross-Channel races and were responsible for the death of several hundred birds.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy in the annals of British pigeon-racing was in 1938, when, on the first day of the season (always the first Saturday in May), 1,200 birds, valued at £3,000, perished in a train fire at Newark, Nottinghamshire.

Breeding and racing, as the sport has developed, has become a fine art, and a fancier with a comprehensive knowledge of pigeons can demand more than a living wage.

In London, the L.C.C. have evening classes for pigeon fanciers. Men who know a lot and men who know nothing attend the classes every week.

The fees are two shillings a term, during which period experts give lectures, set examinations, and sponsor debates for the students.

There are classes in London's main pigeon-flying areas—Wandsworth, Bethnal Green, Fulham, Kentish Town and Walworth.

As in other sports, pigeon-racing has its champions and training celebrities. Perhaps the most outstanding bird of all is the 1921 San Sebastian winner, pigeon 1826.

The bird was born in the lofts of the late J. W. Logan, M.P. for East Langton. Three years later it won the national event from Spain. After the owner's death, some years ago, the whole of the racers were offered for sale at a public auction, and among them was the hen 1826.

After a deal of spirited bidding she was knocked down to Mr. J. B. Joel, the race-horse owner, for £225, the highest amount ever paid for a single bird both before and since.

The inmates of the Royal lofts at Sandringham are descended from birds that have won prizes in races of various distances from 600 miles.

The Royal lofts were started in 1886, and in 1893 King George V, then the Duke of York, expressed a wish to start a racing loft. This was the beginning of the racing from the Royal lofts.

Mr. J. W. Wright, a seventy-year-old London pioneer of pigeon-racing, has recently celebrated his "Diamond Jubilee" in the game.

He began to keep pigeons when ten years of age. His father gave him a few mongrels and permission to convert the coal cellars beneath the pavement into "lofts" for the birds. During the whole of the intervening sixty years there have been pigeons in those three small cellars.

One of the most interesting things about the whole business is that the birds all have different temperaments, and, apparently, fly home for different reasons. Some, for instance—the Romeos and Juliets of the loft—will fly best for young love's sake. Send off the Romeo and he is sure to race home a winner, if he has got it in him.



Periscope  
PageWANGLING  
WORDS—94

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after AUNCHE, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of LADEN STORE to make a South Coast resort.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: MICE into TRAP, GOOD into TURN, LAST into RACE, MEAT into PIES.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from PICTURESQUE?

Answers to Wangling  
Words—No. 93

1. ENTANGLEMENT.
2. ALDERSGATE.
3. POP, PUP, PUT, OUT, HUT, HIT, HIE, LIE, LYE, EYE.
4. FIVE, FINE, FIND, FEND, SEND, SENT, CENT.
5. NEWS, NEWT, NEAT, NEAR, REAR, REAL, REEL.
6. FISH, DISH, DASH, BASH, BASK, BALK, BALL.
7. Rate, Time, Tire, Rite, Tear, Teal, Late, Real, Lair, Rail, Talc, Lace, Care, Race, Note, Tone, etc.
8. Trice, Clear, Carol, Crate, Alter, Cater, Actor, Trail, Trial, Later, Altar, Alate, etc.

## NUMERICAL PUZZLE

FRED, and his buddies Steve and Shorty, the other day were counting the total number of weeks they had actually been afloat. It turned out that Steve had been one-third as many again as Shorty, and Fred one-third as many again as Steve—though if each had had 45 less, Fred would have had exactly as many as his two mates put together.

How many weeks had each actually been at sea?

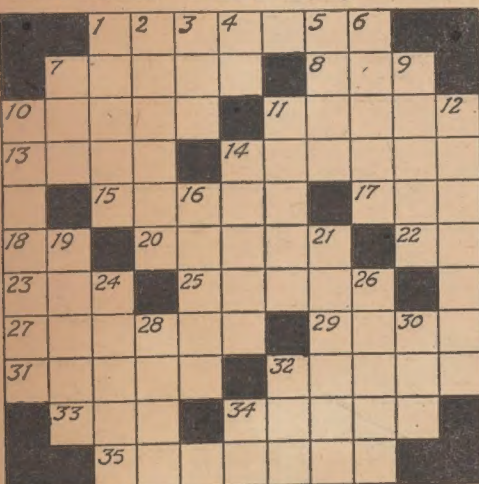
(Answers on Page 3)

Answers to Quiz  
in No. 131.

1. A striped water-snake.
2. (a) George Douglas, (b) Nathaniel Hawthorne.
3. A horse never has horns; the others may have.
4. A carriage for two people.
5. Conspicuous, Percipient.
6. In U.S.A. slang, the President of a College.
7. Hairy.
8. A pink flower of the primrose family.
9. Maggie.
10. Calcutta, with a population of 1,485,600.
11. 1068.
12. A kind of gingerbread.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Sweet-sounding. 7 Piece of music. 8 Fruit.



- 10 Bird.
- 11 Devonshire river.
- 13 Assist.
- 14 Assist with mirth.
- 15 Raze.
- 17 Note of music.
- 18 Whether.
- 20 Toe.
- 22 Parent.
- 23 Completely.
- 25 Theme of discourse.
- 27 Sweetmeat.
- 29 Contend successfully.
- 31 Of musical sound.
- 32 Expertness.
- 33 Female animal.
- 34 Milk-sop.
- 35 Cooking directions.

## CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Girl's name.
- 2 Joined.
- 3 Boy.
- 4 Enclosed by.
- 5 A distance.
- 6 Main branches.
- 7 Horse.
- 10 Bright.
- 11 Familiar flower.
- 12 Attach fresh address tag.
- 14 Gave rise to.
- 16 Affecting life.
- 19 Inundation.
- 21 Amuse.
- 24 Of the moon.
- 26 Spiral shapes.
- 28 Spirited.
- 30 Use with vigour.
- 32 West food.
- 34 Note of music.

SCREECH CAD  
ALUM AUBADE  
PATIENT POT  
M TANT MIRE  
G T GYRATES  
ABODE APART  
RETIRED L S  
MATE LIE P  
EVE BUILDER  
NEREID LAKE  
TRY DELAYED

# "YOU THINK I DO NOT KNOW MY OWN MASTER" ?

"THESE are all very strange circumstances," said Mr. Utterson, "but I think I begin to see daylight. Your master, Poole, is plainly seized with one of those maladies that both torture and deform the sufferer; hence, for aught I know, the alteration of his voice; hence the mask and his avoidance of his friends; hence his eagerness to find this drug, by means of which the poor soul retains some hope of ultimate recovery—God grant that he be not deceived!"

"There is my explanation; it is sad enough, Poole, aye, and appalling to consider; but it is plain and natural, and hangs well together, and delivers us from all exorbitant alarms."

"Sir," said the butler, turning to a sort of mottled palor, "that thing was not my master, and there's the truth. My master—here he looked round him, and began to whisper—is a tall, fine build of a man, and this was more of a dwarf."

Utterson attempted to protest. "Oh, sir," cried Poole, "do you think I do not know my master after twenty years? Do you think I do not know where his head comes to in the cabinet door, where I saw him every morning of my life? No, sir, that thing in the mask was never Dr. Jekyll—God knows what it was, but it was never Dr. Jekyll; and it is the belief of my heart that there was murder done."

"Poole," replied the lawyer, "if you say that, it will become my duty to make certain. Much as I desire to spare your master's feelings, much as I am puzzled about this note, which seems to prove him to be still alive, I shall consider it my duty to break in that door."

"Ah, Mr. Utterson, that's talking!" cried the butler. "And now comes the second question," resumed Utterson: "Who is going to do it?"

"Why, you and me, sir," was the undaunted reply.

"That is very well said," returned the lawyer, "and whatever comes of it, I shall make it my business to see you are no loser."

"There is an axe in the theatre," continued Poole, "and you might take the kitchen poker for yourself." The lawyer took that rude but weighty instrument into his hand and balanced it. "Do you know, Poole," he said, looking up, "that you and I are about to place ourselves in a position of some peril?"

"You may say so, sir, indeed," returned the butler. "It is well, then, that we should be frank," said the other. "We both think more than we have said; let us make a clean breast. This masked figure that you saw, did you recognise it?"

"Well, sir, it went so quick, and the creature was so doubled up, that I could

hardly swear to that," was the answer. "But if you mean was it Mr. Hyde?"

"Why, yes, I think it was!" "You see, it was much of the same bigness; and it had the same quick, light way with it; and then who else could have got in by the laboratory door? You have not forgot, sir, that at the time of the murder he had still the key with him? But that's not all. I don't know, Mr. Utterson, if ever you met this Mr. Hyde?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, "I once spoke with him." "Then you must know, as well as the rest of us, that there was something queer about that gentleman—something, that gave a man a turn—I don't know rightly how to say it, sir, beyond this: that you felt it in your marrow—kind of cold and thin."

"I own I felt something of what you describe," said Mr. Utterson. "Quite so, sir," returned Poole. "Well, when that masked thing like a monkey jumped from among the chemicals and whipped into the cabinet, it went down my spine like ice."

"Oh, I know it's not evidence, Mr. Utterson; I'm book-learned enough for that; but a man has his feelings; and I give you my Bible-word it was Mr. Hyde!"

"Aye, aye," said the lawyer. "My fears incline to the same point. Evil, I fear, founded—evil was sure to come—of that connection. Aye, truly, I believe you; I believe poor Harry is killed; and I believe his murderer (for what purpose, God alone can tell) is still lurking in his victim's room. Well, let our name be vengeance. Call Bradshaw."

The footman came at the summons, very white and nervous. "Pull yourself together, Bradshaw," said the lawyer. "This suspense, I know, is telling upon all of you; but it is now our intention to make an end of it. Poole, here, and I are going to force our way into the cabinet. If all is well, my shoulders are broad enough to bear the blame."

"Meanwhile, lest anything should really be amiss, or any malefactor seek to escape by the back, you and the boy must go round the corner with a pair of good sticks, and take your post at the laboratory door. We give you ten minutes to get to your stations."

As Bradshaw left, the lawyer looked at his watch. "And

## Dr. JEKYLL and Mr. HYDE

By R. L. Stevenson

now, Poole, let us get to ours," he said; and, taking the poker under his arm, he led the way into the yard.

The scud had banked over the moon, and it was now quite dark. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of buildings, tossed the light of the candle to and fro about their steps, until they came into the shelter of the theatre, where they sat down silently to wait.

London hummed solemnly all

foully shed in every step of it! "But hark again, a little closer—put your heart in your ears, Mr. Utterson, and tell me, is that the doctor's foot?"

The steps fell lightly and oddly, with a certain swing, for all they went so slowly; it was different indeed, from the heavy, creaking tread of Henry Jekyll.

Utterson sighed. "Is there never anything else?" he asked.

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman

## WHERE HATS ARE HATS.

The answer is—in the Bahamas. But then, they get real sunshine there, and this Hat Market in Nassau is typical of many in the West Indies. The straw is plaited and the hats are fashioned by the negro women, who also make baskets and carriers of the same material. And very deft they are, too.

around; but nearer at hand the stillness was only broken by the sound of a footfall moving about the cabinet floor.

"So it will walk all day, sir," whispered Poole; "aye, and the better part of the night. Only when a new sample comes from the chemist, there's a bit of a break. Ah, it's an ill conscience that's such an enemy to rest! Ah, sir, there's blood

Poole nodded. "Once," he said. "Once I heard it weeping!"

"Weeping? How that?" said the lawyer, conscious of a sudden chill of horror.

"Weeping like a woman or a lost soul," said the butler. "I came away with that upon my heart, that I could have wept too."

(To be continued)

QUIZ  
for today

1. What is a maverick?
2. Who wrote (a) Verdant Green, (b) The Green Carnation?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why?—Rheumatism, Arthritis, Plumbago, Cramp, Gout, Sciatica.
4. Who was Morpheus?
5. Where is Ailsa Craig?
6. What is a maud?
7. What is meant by hebdomadal?
8. What is (a) the Nautical Mile, (b) the Geographical Mile?
9. Who was Mrs. Malaprop?
10. Who said, "I never use a big, big D"?
11. When was the Coronation Stone placed in Westminster Abbey?
12. What are gyves?

## ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in FORWARD, but not in BACKS.  
My second's in TROUSERS, though not in SLACKS.  
My third is in QUARRY, but not OBJECTIVE.  
My fourth is in CRIME, but not DETECTIVE.  
By fifth is in DONOGHUE, not in STEVE.  
My sixth is in FURLOUGH, not in LEAVE.  
My next is in STRENGTH, yet not in MUSCLE.  
My last is in HURRY, but not in BUSTLE.

(Answer on Page 3)

## Who is it?

He started his military career as a corporal, and subsequently became ruler over the greater part of Europe. He suffered a heavy defeat in Russia and again in France. Was closely associated with two islands, one in the Ligurian Sea and one in the South Atlantic. Wore his hair brushed down over his forehead, was clean-shaven, short and fat. Married a woman named Josephine. Who was he?

(Answers on Page 3)

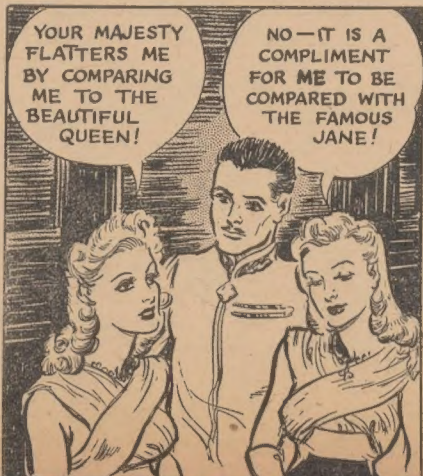
In men this blunder still you find—  
All think their little set mankind.

Hannah Moore  
(1745-1833).

If we do well here, we shall do well there:  
I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year.

John Edwin  
(1749-1790).

## JANE

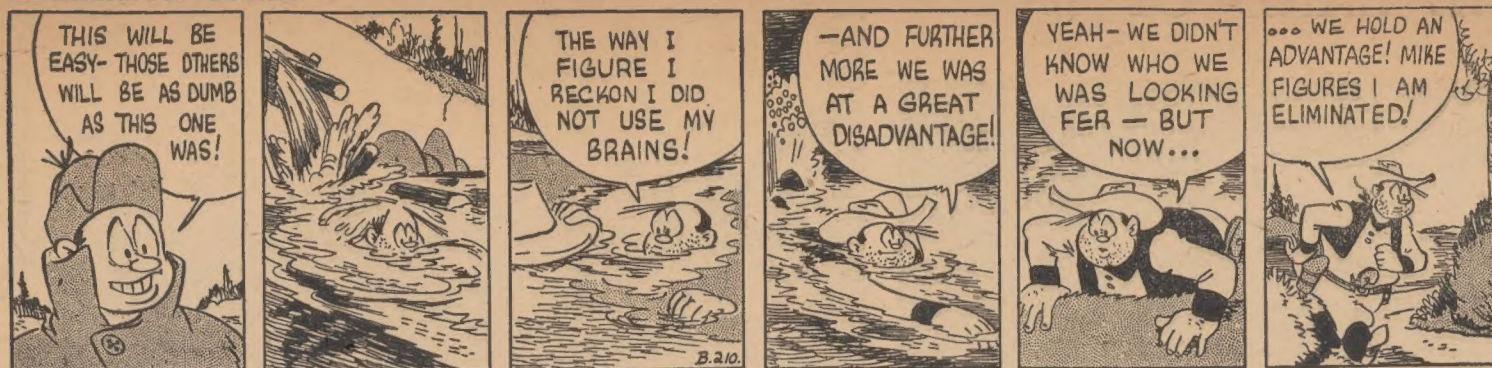


BUT WHEN—HOW—DID YOU RETURN, DEAREST?

DON'T YOU RECOGNISE THE BLONDE PAGE WHO HANDED YOU THE GUITAR—WAS SLAPPED BY GEORGIE—AND—ER—ACCIDENTALLY TROD ON "QUEEN" JANE'S TRAIN?



## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Hard Facts about marriage

By WEBSTER FAWCETT

GETTING married? Last year's war weddings made a new high record, with a 15 per cent. increase on 1941. This year the wedding statistics are rising again. Most London register offices show three times more ceremonies than in peace-time.

A marriage bureau in London recorded this time last year six weddings arranged, and some fifty engagements in four months. Now there are as many as forty weddings a week, and applications from clients seeking wives or husbands have mounted to 300 a day.

Everywhere else in the civilised world marriages are falling off, but not in Britain.

There may be no confetti, but wedding guests are flinging rice again. Wedding cake icing is now replaced by sad camouflage, and London's £50,000 trade in plaster cake decorations is still flourishing.

Wedding ring makers are watching the boom in marriages with a speculative eye. Half a million marriages mean 500,000 rings, with four-fifths of them gold. If this goes on, they will have to increase production even of utility rings.

## AS MOTHER SAID.

In mother's day wedding rings were cut, pounded and soldered by hand. Girls of the past generation always said their wedding rings must be of gold. Now there are chemists who prepare alloys, toolmakers who prepare dies, and innumerable others in the trade—and armaments production has caused a shortage of toolmakers.

There has been a minor boom, by the way, in wedding rings of British gold, and several of the little mines in Wales have been on overtime recently.

Curiously enough, there has been a slump in engagement rings. One-third of the war-time lovers, it seems, do not bother to buy them—perhaps because they are dearer.

West End jewellers, however, are selling more anniversary rings. Most married couples, it seems, imagine they have a lucky number. When they have been married four years or six years they buy rings again.

## THE ROCKS AHEAD.

Is there a danger-year in marriage? Most young brides feel pretty sure of themselves at the end of the first year.

Divorce Court statistics show that the most dangerous years are the seventh and eighth. A very substantial drop in divorces occurs between the tenth and fifteenth years.

Between the fifteenth and twentieth years, married couples are as happy as they can ever hope to be. Then comes another story in the figures, showing wrecked homes and unhappy hearts.

Registrars tell of an absurd recent increase in youthful marriages. Divorce Court judges know of divorcees under 20 and over 80, but the ages between 29 and 43 are usually the worst for quarrels.

The alleged danger of war weddings is disproved by the facts. There were 280,000 marriages in 1916, but their worst danger-years—1923 and 1924—each showed only 2,500 divorces.

Divorces admittedly grew four times more numerous after the last war, but the vast majority of the couples in the courts in 1922 had been married prior to 1914.

So go ahead—and Good Luck!

## Argue this out for yourselves

## BURIED TALENTS.

OUR natural resources in this small island are limited. We cannot afford to bury any of our talents and forget about them until the day of reckoning as we did in the twenty years between the two German wars. If we do, we may again be faced with this Herculean task of getting things right in a hurry. . . . A small island crowded with forty-five million people that neglects its land and cannot feed itself for more than three or four months in the year is a tempting invitation to any aggressor.

Anthony Hurd.

## SPIRIT OF STONE.

ARCHITECTURE is not the product of materials and purposes—nor, by the way, of social conditions—but of the changing spirits of changing ages. It is the spirit of an age that pervades its social life, its religion, its scholarship and its art.

Dr. Nikolaus Pevsner.

Answer to WHO IS IT?  
NAPOLEON I.

Solution to Allied Ports  
WEYMOUTH

Numerical Puzzle.  
Solution: Fred, 144; Steve, 108;  
Shorty, 81.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## IN THE LAND OF NOD



Not a care in the world, utterly contented. Make the most of it child, and don't be in any hurry to leave your wonderland.

## LUCKY DIP



"You're quite right Maw, it may not be as big as where we learned to swim, but it'll do for now. Snag is, they seem to be going round in circles, or am I dizzy?"



"Say, don't knock the bottom out, remember ME, or I'll clamp down on you."



**This England** Even "washing day" can be pleasant, if you do it under these conditions. These young ladies of Bibury, near Cirencester, don't seem to worry about electric machines and all the modern "conveniences," do they?



Looks as though a very nice shoulder is going begging. Spare the thought. We can never imagine ravishing Constance Moore, Paramount star, being forced to play anything solo.

